

# Wichita Daily Eagle

## ABOUT BASEBALL.

W. I. Harris Sizes Up the Situation Tersely

WHAT WILL HAPPEN OCT. 31?

There Are Many Rumors, No One of Which May Be True, and Some of Which Are Positively Absurd—Some of the Things That Are Said.

[Copyright by American Press Association.] A New Yorker who is understood to be the confidential of the Brotherhood recently asserted that the Players' league would throw a bomb on the 31st day of October that will send a cold chill down the backbone of the old League and fill its followers with dismay. Since the statement was made newspaper men all over the country have been making a still hunt after the inside trail of that deadly bomb. None of us has found it yet—that is, not a trail that one can swear by. I met a Brotherhood man recently who gave me, as he claimed, the secret of the bomb. His story was that it was an agreement between the promoters of the Louisville club and the Players' league, by the terms of which the Louisville club, if it wins the American association championship, will desert that organization and play the champions of the Players' league for the championship of the world, and after the games have been played the Louisville will be admitted to the Players' league circuit in place of the Buffalo club.

Another story that comes to me is that the deal between Van Der Ake and Phelps, that was a part of the business of that Philadelphia conference, has really been completed, and that the details of it have only been made to keep certain people, as well as the public, deluded until the scheme is ripe.

The next yarn is that the players of the Brooklyn League club will, if they win the pennant, get together as individuals and play the Brotherhood champions.

But the wildest of all the rumors is the story telegraphed east by a Chicago man that Aaron Stern has decided to sell out the Cincinnati club, and has placed a price on it said to be \$40,000. The Secretary of the Cincinnati club, however, has been given an option on the club, and that he is at present engaged, in company with Al Johnson, in raising the money. When Johnson and Phelps have bought the club they propose to make it a Brotherhood organization, and Cincinnati is to receive a franchise in the Players' league.

Of all these stories, and many more which I might retail, the first one seems to be the only tale of the lot which is at all likely to be true. The methods of President Parsons, of the Louisville club, in 1887, and the frequent conferences of Zeph Phelps, president of the American association, with the men who are openly known as the emergency committee of the Brotherhood, lay both those gentlemen under suspicion, and there would be very little surprise if the announcement was made that Phelps and Parsons had made a bargain with the enemies of the National league and of the national agreement. It would be difficult to estimate what the effect of such a scheme would be upon the fortunes of the National league. It seems to me if the men who are alleged to have made it are able to carry it out—a matter of considerable doubt—that the effect would not be very injurious to the National league. It would saddle another twenty-five cent town and another advocate of Sunday games to the Players' league, and I believe that this would counterbalance whatever might be gained by the playing of a series for the world's championship, which this year is not likely to be over profitable.

The events of the last week have given us some clear insight into the probable National league circuit for 1891. The failure of the once great Athletic club, a splendid organization holding a valuable franchise, which, by the way, has been ruined by the most feeble and incompetent management with which a club was ever afflicted, and the acquisition of Robinson, McMahon and Welch by the Baltimore club, are indications that Manager Barnie's city will be in the National league next year. One is led to this conclusion from the nature of the salaries which are said to be inserted in the contracts of these three men, an aggregate of something like \$1,000 for the lot. Surely on the present outlook for next season no American association club could afford to shoulder such responsibilities. It has been hinted that Barnie has been strengthening his team so as to be in readiness to join the Players' league, but such an act would be so manifestly absurd that it need not be mentioned to me, and to almost every newspaper man in the country, that to believe it one must believe Barnie to be both a hypocrite and a liar.

We are told every day that Pittsburgh will surely have a National league team next season. But who believes it? The old league magnates are not foolish, and it strikes me that those who do not think that Pittsburgh is to be dropped must consider them so. There is only one chance for Pittsburgh, and that is the abandonment of her territory by the Players' club, which is a very unlikely thing at this stage of the game.

I am told that if Baltimore is taken into the National league the twenty-five cent tariff will be continued there. Joe Pritchard, of St. Louis, recently made the broad statement that John H. Day believed that Sunday baseball would make the New York club a winner, and that he was favorably considering such a scheme. There isn't a word of fact in that statement. Mr. Day is irrevocably opposed to Sunday baseball, and would, I believe, retire as they near the Louisville standard. You can almost count them 111; will they beat it—111?

That Palmer O'Neill now concedes that they will. That Billy Barnie was in big luck to be "representative of the Association" during the settlement of the A. A. W. C. club troubles. That he represented Baltimore when he scouted in Robinson, Welch and McMahon. That William Always looks out for number one, and that he only did what any other Association manager would have done under like circumstances.

That the National league is signing its one year men right and left.

That all talk about Charles Gansel going to the Boston (Players' league) team is nonsense. Gansel is not an ingrate.

That Long John Kelly was "talking through his hat" when he said that he saw Charles Radbourn practice two hours and then go out on the field the same day and pitch a game against Chicago.

That Radbourn has always held that a pitcher should never pitch more balls on the day he was to go into a game than would demonstrate his speed, show his control and warm him up. And Radbourn holds that this would be done just previous to the game.

That from now on the fakirs will get their work in on baseball yarns.

That every statement not authoritative, unannounced should be read with a grain of allowance.

That two grains wouldn't be amiss in most tales.

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## CUPID'S ARROWS.

They Sometimes Fly in a Wrong Direction.

TROUBLE AND SHAME THE RESULT

The Predicament in Which a Resident of Cincinnati Has Placed Himself—A Criminal's Return—Romance of a Hermit. The Pet of a Jail.

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He bought his fiancée a wedding dress, but when he called to deliver it he found that she had married some one else and gone away. This experience placed him at odds with the sex and with life in general.

To use his own words, thereforward he "didn't give a darn." His sought solace in the flowing bowl and in the excitement of being a soldier.

After the war he settled down on a little lot of the Rhode Island coast as a lone fisherman. He desired no companionship, and as he is a man of great size and strength, his wishes in this regard are respected.

Said one who knows him, the other day: "He's a tough old fellow, is the king of Chepianoxet. Like a watermelon, you can cut into him four inches before you come to the red."

Sherman is now nearly seventy years of age.

When Cupid shot an arrow at Bertha Hoffman he ruined her life, for the lover who wooed did not marry her. Instead he ran away, leaving her deceived and desperate.

Knowing what the future was to bring she took to swimming that she might

make provision against a time of trial.

She represented herself as the daughter of a leading Chicago capitalist, and bought on credit large bills of valuable goods.

The man she claimed as her father was absent in Europe with his family, and on the steps of his vacant mansion she received and accepted for her purchases.

Detection was followed by arrest and conviction.

She was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Cook county jail, and within the limits of that gloomy criminal fortress her girl baby was born.

The infant received the name of Hazel, and is now the pet of the mother and of all the female convicts.

One fact of negro woman in particular was devoted to the child. She would rise early in the morning to dress her, would rock her in her arms nearly all day, attend to her wants, and at night she tucked up in bed. So attached did she become to Hazel that when her term of imprisonment expired she begged to be allowed to remain in jail, and shed bitter tears when ordered to leave.

Miss Hoffman is about 35 years old, and is said by those who have seen her to be a

beautiful woman, deserving of a better fate than that to which indiscretion and the law have consigned her.

P. X. WHITE.

Queer Phases of Crime.

James Payn is a recent inmate on criminal cases that honorable recidivists are rare, but there have been some of them, and he cites two interesting cases. One is that of the convicts of Philadelphia who in 1793 showed a very unexpected good feeling.

The yellow fever broke out in the town, and the convicts volunteered to nurse the sick, who were dying like flies. None of them attempted to escape, though they had every opportunity to do so, and were entrusted with horses and carts to bring in provisions for the poor, which the dealers dared not do. When the pestilence ceased all who survived returned to the prison.

Moreover, the female convicts cheerfully gave up their beds to the sick, which, it is curious to note, the delinquents in the jail all refused to do.

The other instance occurred during the revolution, when two soldiers of the army of Lord Cornwallis went into a house and treated the inmates in a most shameful manner. A third soldier met them coming out and recognized them. He was in no way to blame, but since he declined to give up the names of his comrades he was sentenced to death.

It was while a patient at a hospital that the man met Miss Mendel, who now figures

as No. 2. After his recovery he took No. 1 to Saratoga and there left her, hastening home on the plea of business to arrange for his unloving sister Sophia.

Hume Clay's case is of an entirely different order. He was a resident of Winchester, Ky., and fled the country to avoid punishment for forgeries aggregating thousands of dollars. But wherever he wandered he carried with him the memory of a bright, loving and faithful wife. He was willing to sacrifice anything to be near her, and therefore went home voluntarily to "face the music," explain his misdeeds and get a chance to start life afresh in company with the love of his young manhood.

As the former chief involve relatives, who are inclined to be lenient, he may escape with a light sentence.

No crime is mixed up in the capers Cupid played with the heart of Willett Sherman, a convict misanthrope who now lives a hermit life in Rhode Island, and is known as the king of Chepianoxet.

In his early days he was a sailor man of renown, and captained more than one coaster through storm and sunshine and heavy seas. But long years ago he met his fate in the shape of a nice little woman who lived at East Greenwich, R. I. He took her costly presents from "York" he danced attendance upon her between voyages, and finally he won her consent to become his wife. The

day was set, and the future looked bright to the industrious capitalist.

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PERMISSION TO GO HOME.

Don't want to church one entry day.

She kept awake, I'm glad to say.

Till "fourthly" started on its way.

These moments into hours grew;

Oh, dear! oh, dear! what should she do?

Unseen she glided from the pew.

And up the aisle demurely went,

On some absorbing mission bent.

Her eyes filled with a look intense.

"She stopped and said, in plaintive tone,

With hand uplifted toward the dome,

"Tenny, preacher man, can I go home?"

The truth was, bell ring in sound,

Disturbed a sermon most profound;

A